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IN MEMORY OF

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

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W. W.





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IN MEMORY

OF

JOHN McCULLOUGH



"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace,
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."

TENNYSON.



NEW-YORK
THE DE VINNE PRESS
1889



TO

WILLIAM M. CONNER

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH THE

AFFECTIONATE AND DEVOTED

FRIEND OF

John McCullough

THIS MEMORIAL OF THE LOVED

AND LAMENTED ACTOR IS

HEARTILY DEDICATED



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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN McCULLOUGH.*

★
BY WILLIAM WINTER.

★

JOHN McCULLOUGH was born at Blakes, near Coleraine, Londonderry, on the seacoast of Ireland, on November 14, 1832,—the year that is memorable in this century for its association with the death of great men. His parents were situated in humble circumstances and were poor. His father, James McCullough, was a “small farmer.” His mother, Mary, died in 1844, leaving her son John, then a lad of twelve, and three daughters, Jane, Mary, and Elizabeth. Their father was unable to provide for these children, and shortly after the mother’s death they were obliged to

* See “Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States,” edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Five volumes. Published by Messrs. Cassell & Company, London and New York.

seek their fortune in America. In the spring of 1847 John and his sister Jane came to this country, and having a cousin, named John McCullough, in Philadelphia, they proceeded to that city, where, walking in Front Street, young John saw the name of his relative upon a sign, and entering the house claimed kindred there and was acknowledged. This cousin was a chair-maker, and in the business of chair-making John McCullough was now employed. His father and the sisters Mary and Elizabeth followed to America shortly after this time. The father, an unsuccessful man, but independent in spirit, worked all the rest of his life as a farmer in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, seeming to prefer an humble station, and declining to accept aid, even from his son, in the days of prosperity which eventually arrived. His death occurred at Moorestown, Burlington county, New Jersey, in 1878. He is remembered as a small, thin man, who spoke with a heavy brogue. He did not maintain intimate relations with his children. He was a faithful worker and an honest man, but he had no ambition, and he was of a reticent and inoperative character. These ancestral peculiarities are to be noted for whatever they may happen to signify. The sisters of John McCullough were married in America. Elizabeth, his favorite sister, became the wife of Mr. Thomas Young, and died at Dunmore, Pennsylvania, in 1869. Mary became the wife of Mr. James Smith, and died at Statington, in the same State. Jane was married to Mr. John Wirth, and is a resident of Dunmore. John McCullough,

shortly after he came to Philadelphia, made the acquaintance of Miss Letitia McClair, daughter of Mr. Samuel McClair, of Germantown, and to her he was married April 8, 1849. Two children were born of this marriage— James McCullough, July 4, 1850, and William F. Johnson McCullough, December 2, 1860. The latter died on February 25, 1886. This second son was named for a friend who knew McCullough throughout the struggles of his early manhood, and stood by him through all vicissitudes till the last of “ difference and decay.”

When John McCullough, a youth of fifteen, came to America he could read, but he could not write. He had received no education, and he was in ignorance of literature and art. Dying thirty-eight years later (1885), he had become a man of large and varied mental acquirements, a considerable scholar in the dramatic profession, and the most conspicuous heroic actor of his time on the American stage. Such a career, beginning in obscure and ignorant penury and ending in culture, honorable eminence, prosperity, and fame, is extraordinary, and in dramatic annals it makes John McCullough a memorable name.

No ancestor of his was ever upon the stage. Dramatic faculty, however, is one of the peculiar attributes of the Irish race. In McCullough it was developed by the accident of his meeting with a “ stage-struck ” workman in the shop of the Philadelphia chair-maker. This person, whose “ spoutings ” and whose general vagaries had at first been suggestive of lunacy, made

him acquainted with the tragedy of "Richard the Third"; stimulated in him a taste for reading Shakspeare; acquainted him with the delights of rehearsal; introduced him to a theatrical society; and finally took him to the theater itself. The first dramatic performance that he witnessed was, according to his own recollection, a performance of Shiel's tragedy of "The Apostate," in the old Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia. From this time onward he read with avidity every play that he could obtain, and, without the distinct intention of becoming an actor,—probably with no view whatever to the future, but only from natural relish for this pursuit,—devoted his life and thought to the study of acting. One of his first steps toward the stage taken at this period was his affiliation with "The Bootherian Dramatic Association," of Philadelphia, a local club which held meetings and gave performances in the fourth story of an abandoned warehouse, once a sugar refinery, and of which the principal spirit was Mr. Lemuel R. Shewell, in later years an actor well known throughout the cities on the eastern seaboard of America. McCullough took lessons in elocution from Mr. Lemuel White, a teacher of this art; and at the house of this gentleman he became acquainted with various friends from whom he received not only sympathy but instruction, and through whose kindly and judicious efforts he obtained substantially all the education it was ever his lot to enjoy. His experience at this time led him to branches of learning apart from the stage. One of the books that he read

was "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature," and in less than a month he had absorbed the whole of it, becoming so familiar with its contents that he could descant on the British authors as if he had been trained for nothing else — so eager was his zeal for knowledge and so retentive was the memory in which he stored it.

McCullough's theatrical career, beginning in 1857 and ending in 1884, covered a period of twenty-seven years. His first engagement was made at the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia, under the management of William Wheatley and John Drew, and his first appearance there was made on August 15, 1857, as *Thomas* in "The Belle's Stratagem." His rise in the dramatic profession was gradual. In the early days of the American stage it was more difficult to win position than it is in these times of speculative theatrical management, when all the arts of advertising are pressed into the business of manufacturing fame. Every step of the way had then to be made with toilsome effort. There were many obstacles to be surmounted and many hardships to be endured. The histories of such actors as Cooper, Forrest, Booth, A. A. Addams, E. L. Davenport, and Jefferson teach the same lesson of persistent effort and of patience under privation. McCullough, in his quest of professional recognition, had the usual trying experience; but he was in earnest, and he proved the integrity of his talents, the force of his character, and the sincerity of his devotion by a steadfast adherence to that service of the drama which was the purpose of his life. His

novitiate at the Arch-Street Theater lasted until the summer of 1860, when E. L. Davenport, at that time manager of the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, engaged him at that theater, where he remained for one season—that of 1860–61. In the ensuing season he was back again in Philadelphia, engaged at the Walnut-Street Theater, under the management of Mrs. Garretson. Here he was when presently he attracted the notice of Edwin Forrest, who chanced to be in need of an actor to play the parts second to his own, and who procured his release from Mrs. Garretson and gave him an engagement for leading business. This was “the tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.” McCullough’s first appearance with Forrest was made at Boston in October, 1861, in the character of *Pythias*. His line of parts now included *Laertes*, *Macduff*, *Iago*, *Edgar*, *Richmond*, *Icilius*, and *Titus*. He coöperated with Forrest also in those plays that were the exclusive property of that tragedian—in “*Metamora*,” “*The Gladiator*,” “*Jack Cade*,” and “*The Broker of Bogota*.” In later times, when Forrest revived “*Coriolanus*” (November, 1863, at Niblo’s Garden, New York), McCullough acted *Cominius*. From the time of his engagement with Forrest he had a clear field and he advanced in the open sunshine of success.

An incident connected with his early life upon the stage is mentioned as significant of his solid character and inveterate purpose. He has more than once referred to it in the hearing of the present writer, as

having had a marked influence upon his subsequent fortunes. While yet a youth, at the Howard Athenæum, he was suddenly summoned to play, at short notice, an important and formidable part. Davenport, then the star, had been taken ill, and could not appear. The character was *Robert Landry*, in "The Dead Heart," one of the longest parts in the modern romantic drama. McCullough was directed at noon to be in readiness to come on and read it at night. He took the part home, committed the whole of it to memory within a few hours, and without previous explanation to anybody in the theater he went on at night, letter perfect, and played *Robert Landry* in such a way as to make a hit. These facts came to the knowledge of Forrest and aroused that interest in the young actor which soon afterward took a practical form.

McCullough's professional life after he joined Edwin Forrest was not more eventful than is usual with a leading man in a theatrical stock company. He traveled through the country season after season, playing seconds to the more famous tragedian, and constantly gaining in experience and popularity. At this time he was much under the influence of the style of Forrest, and indeed he habitually imitated the manner of his leader. This was the weakness of many young actors of that period, and perhaps it was not easily to be avoided by an actor who lived and labored in constant association with that strong and singular personality. In after time, however, McCullough entirely discarded this fault; but he could at will give astonishing imita-

tions of Forrest's peculiarities, and this he sometimes did, with humorous effect. In 1866 he accompanied Forrest in a trip to California, where he was received with uncommon favor, and where he found many friends. Many of these friends were among the wealthy citizens of San Francisco, and he had not long been in that city before it was proposed by them that he should remain there as the manager of the California Theater, in partnership with his distinguished contemporary Lawrence Barrett. This plan was sanctioned by Forrest; the enterprise was carried into effect, and McCullough remained on the Pacific coast for eight successive seasons. The history of the California Theater makes a brilliant chapter in his career. Plays were mounted there with magnificence, the ripe scholarship of Mr. Barrett proved a signal service, and both Barrett and McCullough filled engagements of uncommon profit. Their partnership lasted until November, 1870, when it was dissolved by the amicable withdrawal of Mr. Barrett, and McCullough remained alone in the management. It was in the California Theater that he first acted *Virgilius*, and one by one added to his repertory the other great parts to which he had formerly played seconds under the leadership of Forrest. He remained connected with the California Theater until 1875, when, in the ruin of the banker Ralston, he suffered a heavy loss which led to his relinquishment of that institution. It never was his ambition to be a theatrical manager. At the time he lost his voice, in Boston (1876), he expressed to a friend,

in touching language, his grave apprehension of being compelled to relinquish his career as an actor, and sink to the level of theatrical management.

On May 4, 1874, McCullough made his first appearance as a star actor in New York, coming forward as *Spartacus*, in "The Gladiator." He acted at Booth's Theater until May 30th. He was seen as *Richelieu* and *Hamlet*, and he took part, as *Philip Faulconbridge*, in a revival of "King John," which was effected on May 25th. At the end of this engagement he returned to California to attend to the interests of his theater in San Francisco, but in the course of the summer he came back, and when Mr. Boucicault's new play of "Belle Lamar" was brought out at Booth's Theater, August 10, 1874, he acted in it as *Colonel Bligh*. This was under the management of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer. On September 14th these managers produced an altered version of Otway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved," made by Mr. Boucicault, and in this McCullough acted *Pierre* — a character that was always a favorite with him. On the 19th he took a benefit and said farewell, and he did not appear in New York again till April 2, 1877. The interval was passed in the fulfillment of ambitious, laborious, and lucrative engagements in many other cities. In the fall of 1874 he went on the Western circuit and visited New Orleans, proceeding thence to San Francisco in December and reappearing at the California Theater, where in an engagement of four weeks he drew \$36,000. He remained in San Francisco till the autumn of 1875, when he once more came

North, and this time he met with extraordinary success in Washington, where, on December 12th, at the National Theater, a special demonstration was made in his honor, and his performance of *Virginus* was attended by the President of the United States and the cabinet. At Christmas that year he was in New Orleans, acting at the Varieties Theater, under the management of Clifton W. Tayleure. In February, 1876, he had great success in Boston, where the accident of a sudden illness, which temporarily deprived him of his voice, strongly attracted toward him the public sympathy, and where, on February 9th, playing *Virginus* for the first time in that city, he gained some of the brightest laurels of his life. Later he played a round of parts at Philadelphia, in the Arch-Street Theater. On March 27, 1876, he reappeared at San Francisco as *Virginus*, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. This was the season of Edwin Booth's famous Southern tour, which, under Mr. John T. Ford's management, lasted from January 3d to March 3d, and thereafter was continued by Mr. Booth himself, who first acted in Chicago and then went to San Francisco, where McCullough gave him a royal reception, and, in order to augment his success, acted in conjunction with him, playing such parts as *De Mauprat* and *Richmond*. This is recorded as the most remunerative dramatic engagement that ever was played on the American stage. In January, 1877, McCullough played a round of parts in Chicago, and in February he appeared at the Boston Museum, where

in two weeks he drew so largely that his share of profits was \$2800. The theater also received a large profit ; and this was noted at the time as the most successful engagement that had been filled in that house for many years. On April 2d he came again to New York, and it was now seen that he had made surprising advancement in his art. He appeared at Booth's Theater as *Virginius*, and after seven performances of this part, in an engagement lasting till April 27th, he performed likewise *Richelieu*, *Richard III.*, *Othello*, *Iago*, *Spartacus*, *Metamora*, and *King Lear*. Mr. Frederick Warde played seconds. Mme. Ponisi enacted *Emilia*. Miss Maud Granger appeared as *Virginia* and *Desdemona*. Mr. Warde distinguished himself as *Icilius*. Mr. J. H. Taylor presented *Dentatus*. For his benefit, on April 27th, McCullough acted *Othello*, and at the close of the performance a silver laurel wreath, the gift of New York friends, was publicly presented to him on the stage, and was received by him with a speech of singular manliness and delicate taste. Tributes of this kind, indeed, were frequent incidents of his career, for no man ever had a larger circle of affectionate friends. An occasion of this kind had happened earlier in 1877, on March 13th, when at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis many leading citizens of that place gave a public banquet to honor him, and congratulations flowed to him from every part of the land. On February 9, 1878, he received the compliment of a banquet from the Lotos Club of New York. On November 9, 1878, he was the honored guest of citizens

of Washington, at a public banquet at Willard's Hotel, at which General W. T. Sherman presided, and Mr. James G. Blaine was the principal orator.

At the St. Louis festival the following inscriptions were displayed upon the printed programme of exercises :

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Untried and new we saw thy rising star
And hailed the brightness of its early rays ;
The light discerned, the promise from afar,
Greeting its glimmer through the morning haze.

JANUARY, 1875.

Brighter it grew as we beheld its rise,
Foretelling all the greatness that should be,
And watched its progress with our partial eyes,
Assured that it must rule the galaxy.

MARCH, 1877.

Full-orbed and brilliant now thy glories shine,
Illuming all the Drama's wide expanse ;
Thou hast thy place secured — the zenith thine —
The whole world's space included in thy glance.

Messages of kindness, on this same occasion, reached the actor from Edwin Adams, Lilian Adelaide Neil-

son, Lawrence Barrett, William Winter, Edwin Booth, and other cherished friends. The Knights of St. Patrick sent a scroll, inscribed as follows :

ST. LOUIS, March 13, 1877.—*Salve et vale!* The Knights of St. Patrick to John McCullough, tragedian :

All hail to the Actor whose genius sublime
Interprets the Poet who wrote for all time ;
While Hamlet, Othello, and Lear, the discrowned,
Make the stage with the woes of the Drama resound,
The name of McCullough shall blend with the strain
And never shall history rend them in twain.

On October 12, 1877, performances for the benefit of Edwin Adams, then on his death-bed, took place at the Academy of Music in New York, and McCullough participated in them. A close friendship had for many years subsisted between Adams and himself, and indeed it would be difficult to imagine two human beings more accordant in generosity of temperament and gentleness of life. Adams died on October 28, 1877, and it was McCullough who selected the Shaksperian lines that are inscribed on his grave-stone at Philadelphia — lines that are as expressive for the one friend as for the other :

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, “ This was a man. ”

McCullough took part also in the performance for the benefit of John Brougham, which was given in the Academy of Music, New York, on January 17, 1878, playing the *Moor* in the third act of "Othello." On January 21st, that year, he performed at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, and on February 7th he came out at the Boston Theater as *Coriolanus*. His third star engagement in New York began on April 22, 1878, at the Grand Opera House, and in its third week he signalized the occasion by acting *Lucius Brutus* in "The Fall of Tarquin," for the first time in the capital. In the spring of this year his professional affairs were placed under the direction of Mr. William M. Conner, who proved to him an excellent manager and a true friend. On March 13th he appeared at Syracuse, giving seven successive performances there, and receiving \$500 for each performance. The receipts for the one week were \$4200. The receipts on his benefit night, when he played *Virginius*, were \$1253. It used to please him to recall, as a contrast with this success and as a sign of growing popularity, that when first he acted in Syracuse the house contained only \$128. In May he came again to the Grand Opera House, and this time he acted a round of parts, including *King Lear*, *Damon*, and *Lucius Brutus*. On May 22d he appeared at the Boston Theater, in association with Miss Mary Anderson, acting *Claude Melnotte* to her *Pauline*; this performance being for a benefit. On May 24th he was seen at Booth's Theater as *Brutus* in "Julius Cæsar," a part

in which his acting was beautiful, and which he played on this occasion for the benefit Mr. F. B. Warde. He took part in another benefit on June 3d, at Washington, and on September 5th in still another, at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York, where he acted *Ingomar* to Miss Anderson's *Parthenia*. This was to help the plague-stricken people of the South, then suffering the ravages of pestilence. His next important engagement in New York began on December 16th at the Grand Opera House, where he revived "Coriolanus." On February 3, 1879, at the Boston Theater, he effected a revival of the old play of "Pizarro," and acted *Rolla*, performing this old-fashioned part with great dignity in the declamatory portions and with picturesque vigor and effective pathos in the closing scene. During his stay at Boston he appeared as *Brutus*, *Virginius*, *Richard III.*, and *Cardinal Wolsey*. From Boston he went to New Orleans. In the summer he rested for a while at Saratoga. In November he acted at the National Theater in Washington, and again had great success. When this year drew toward a close he was roaming through the towns of New England. At Christmas he was in Brooklyn, and he there brought forward "The Honeymoon," and acted *Duke Aranza*. Two performances of *Spartacus* given there by him on Christmas Day cleared \$4720. Such facts serve to show the steady and sure increase of his popularity.

During the season of 1879-80 McCullough was very prosperous. Before it was half over he had cleared

upward of \$20,000. During the first three months of 1880 he traveled on the Southern circuit, and went into Texas, and subsequently he went as far West as Omaha. On March 6th he received public honors at Memphis, and he presented a standard to the Chickasaw Guards, of which military organization he was an honorary member. On May 31st he acted at Wallack's Theater, New York, for the benefit of Mr. W. R. Floyd. On June 5th he sailed aboard the *Britannic* for England—Mr. Sothern, Mr. Raymond, and Miss Rose Coghlan being passengers by the same ship. This was Sothern's final farewell to America. It was on this trip that McCullough paid a visit to his birthplace, where he was received with interest and kindness. While in London he made arrangements for acting there in the season of 1881. He sailed from Liverpool August 5th, and on arriving home he began the new season, September 5th, at Utica. From November 15th to December 11th he was acting at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York. For his benefit, December 10th, he played *Lucius Brutus*. There were 837 persons in the gallery alone, and the receipts that night were \$1637. In his speech before the curtain McCullough said: "Whatever may become of me, whether I rise or sink, it is a comfort to reflect that the noble art of which I am an humble representative will remain and flourish as long as human nature exists." During the remainder of that season he was in the West and South. The season ended on April 2, 1881, and he had acted in thirty-four cities. On

April 4th he received the tribute of a public banquet at Delmonico's, New York, at which a poem was read by William Winter. [This poem will be found in the present volume, at page 33.] In his speech that night McCullough said: "If I succeed I shall be grateful, but not unduly elated. If I fail, I shall not be soured by disappointment. My hope is that I may prove myself not altogether unworthy of the great kindness that has been shown toward me in America, and of the good-will and good opinion that have been so touchingly expressed on this occasion." On April 9th he sailed for England, and on April 18th he appeared in London, at Drury-Lane Theater, as *Virginius*. The engagement lasted till May 21st, and the tragedian was seen in *Virginius* and *Othello*. His social popularity in London was extraordinary, but critical opinion divided on his acting. The "Telegraph" said: "A finer representative of *Virginius* the character can never have had." In his farewell speech McCullough said: "I came to you a stranger, and now I feel as if I had known you for years. You have taught me the significance and true meaning of British fair-play." He returned to America in September and began the season of 1881-82 at St. Paul, going over much the same ground as before. On November 14, 1881, he began an engagement of six weeks at the Fifth-Avenue Theater as *Virginius*. "Ingomar" was produced, with Miss Kate Forsythe as *Virginia*. On November 29th he acted *King Lear*. On December 8th, for the benefit of the Poe Memorial, he played at

the Union-Square Theater, New York, in one act of "Richard III." On December 12th that year, at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York, he brought out "The Bondman," a tragic play by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, on the subject of Jack Cade's rebellion. The engagement ended on December 31st, and then he went on still another long tour of the South and West. On May 31, 1882, he appeared at the Boston Theater, in association with Miss Mary Anderson, acting in "Ingomar," for a benefit. His regular season, of 1882-83, was opened at St. Paul, September 4th, and he visited Chicago, St. Louis, and other Western cities, and came to the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York, on November 13th. In the course of this engagement he was seen as *Master Walter*, and as *Hamlet*, and he closed it, on December 9th, with *Damon*, proceeding then, by way of Albany, into New England, and going as far to the north-east as Portland. On April 9, 1883, he made his reëntrance in New York at Niblo's Garden, and he there remained till April 23d. That spring he began to show signs of serious illness, and he was especially depressed and miserable at Cincinnati during the Dramatic Festival which was held there, April 29th to May 4th, and in the course of which he enacted Shakspeare's *Brutus* and *Othello*, and Knowles's *Master Walter*. On May 7th he retired to the residence of his friend John Carson, at Quincy, Ill., where he passed some time in a gallant but hopeless struggle against the encroachments of disease. At this time he appears to have suspected its true

nature, and his suffering was great. He rallied, however, and on August 20, 1883, he entered on a new professional season at Denver. At Christmas he was acting in Philadelphia, and as the year closed he seemed to be convalescent. Early in January, 1884, he was acting in Boston, and on March 3d he appeared at the Star Theater, New York. This was his last engagement there. Three weeks of it were devoted to *Virginius* and *Spartacus*, and one week to *Brutus*, *Othello*, *Spartacus*, *Virginius*, and *Richard III*. It ended on March 29th, and McCullough ended his season on April 5th at the Novelty Theater in Williamsburg. It was evident then to those who saw him act that his powers were broken. On the 29th of June he sailed for Germany, seeking relief from his malady at the springs of Carlsbad, but the expedition was fruitless. He returned by way of England, passing a few days in London. It was evident on his arrival home that his mind had grown feeble, and that he was considerably advanced upon the downward road to death. He resumed his work, but he could not carry it forward. The final collapse occurred at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, on September 29, 1884, and he retired forever from the stage. On June 27, 1885, he was placed in a private lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, N. Y., where he remained till October 25th, when he was removed to his home in Philadelphia. He died there on November 8, 1885, and he is buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery in that city.

The following is a list of the parts and plays that were included in McCullough's repertory :

PARTS.	PLAYS.
<i>Virginius</i>	VIRGINIUS.
<i>Othello</i>	OTHELLO.
<i>Lucius Brutus</i>	THE FALL OF TARQUIN.
<i>Marcus Brutus</i>	JULIUS CÆSAR.
<i>Iago</i>	OTHELLO.
<i>Macbeth</i>	MACBETH.
<i>King Lear</i>	KING LEAR.
<i>Coriolanus</i>	CORIOLANUS.
<i>Spartacus</i>	THE GLADIATOR.
<i>Benedick</i>	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
<i>Shylock</i>	MERCHANT OF VENICE.
<i>Petruchio</i>	TAMING OF THE SHREW.
<i>Faulconbridge</i>	KING JOHN.
<i>Richard III.</i>	RICHARD III.
<i>Cardinal Wolsey</i>	HENRY VIII.
<i>Hamlet</i>	HAMLET.
<i>Pierre</i>	VENICE PRESERVED.
<i>Richelieu</i>	RICHELIEU.
<i>Jack Cade</i>	JACK CADE.
<i>The Stranger</i>	THE STRANGER.
<i>St. Pierre</i>	THE WIFE.
<i>Damon</i>	DAMON AND PYTHIAS.
<i>Metamora</i>	METAMORA.
<i>Claude Melnotte</i>	THE LADY OF LYONS.
<i>Duke Aranza</i>	THE HONEYMOON.
<i>Ingomar</i>	INGOMAR.
<i>Rolla</i>	PIZARRO.
<i>Alfred Evelyn</i>	MONEY.
<i>Master Walter</i>	THE HUNCHBACK.
<i>Febro</i>	THE BROKER OF BOGOTA.

In McCullough's personal character the qualities which first attracted interest were modesty, simplicity, and manliness. Animated by a distinct professional purpose and always resolute in its pursuit, he possessed in an eminent degree the calmness of a man who understands himself and the objects of his life and who means to exercise a firm and wise control over the inward resources of his nature and all outward aids to his career. From first to last his demeanor toward the world was gentle and propitiatory. He was aware of the deficiencies of his education. He knew his own defects. But more than this, he had a perfectly distinct perception of what is due to others, together with a high and just sense of the magnitude of the dramatic art, the difficulties to be conquered in its pursuit, and the nature and value of success in its service. A certain sweet humility was natural to him. He never vaunted himself. He never was unduly exalted. He took success, as he took failure, with meekness. This was not an affectation, for he knew that his powers were uncommon, and he was fully and gladly aware of the great triumphs that he had achieved. But this strain of modesty ran through his conduct because it was inherent in his character. He knew what other actors had done, and he knew that there were other heights to be gained, higher than any that had been reached by him. Allied to this quality, and perhaps resultant upon it, there was in his character the attribute of thoroughness. He did not wish merely to be

called a great actor; he wished to be a great actor; and, acting under this desire and purpose, he studied and labored at all times to make the utmost that could be made of his faculties and occasions. He left nothing to chance. He observed every detail. He considered and planned every step of his way. He always knew what he wished to accomplish in dramatic art, and he always had in his mind a distinct and practical method by which to accomplish it. He was a direct man in his art because a direct man in his nature. Persons who saw him upon the stage, equally with persons who were brought into contact with him in real life, were invariably impressed with the truth of his temperament. Experience of the world, indeed, had taught him the necessity of being politic in the direction of his affairs. He was not a simpleton — he was only simple. He did not “wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at”; but he wore his heart in his bosom, and it was an honest, tender, manly heart, sympathetic with goodness, resentful of evil, charitable and generous, faithful in its affection, and easily moved to pity and to kindness. Such a nature offers no complexities for analysis. It is rooted in elemental principles of humanity and virtue. Such a man may make errors, may commit faults, may reveal occasional weakness, may be led astray by passion; but he remains essentially a lovable human being, and he is readily and rightly understood. McCullough had this fortune, and he had it for this reason. Wherever he went he carried this charm of personal worth,

and he found instant sympathy and kindness. He was naturally cheerful. His rugged health and affluent physical strength harmonized with his temperament and augmented its effect. His bearing and movements had the composure that comes of power. His smile was equally indicative of pleasure in life and kindness toward others. He was an attractive man to children, to all weak or helpless persons, to all such natures as lack self-reliance and therefore turn instinctively toward strength and sweetness. He had a protective air. Safety and comfort seemed to enter with him wherever he came. He was a sturdy, smiling reality of beneficent goodness, and his presence encouraged those who work and cheered those who suffer. Whatever of policy he employed in the conduct of life was not craft; it was the prudence which had been enforced upon him by the monitions of experience; and perhaps had he used more of this sort of policy, had he guarded and fostered his own powers and interests and been less heedless and lavish of resources which he seemed to regard as herculean and inexhaustible, his end would not have come so soon, nor in a way so lamentable, desolate, and wretched.

McCullough's acting was essentially the flower of his character, as thus denoted. He played many parts, but the parts in which he was best — in which his nature was liberated and his triumph supreme — were distinctively those which rest upon the basis of the genial human heart and proceed in the realm of the affections.

He displayed artistic resources, intellectual intention, and sometimes a subtle professional skill in such characters as *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*; but he never was in sympathy with them, and he did not make them his own. He was an heroic actor. He towered into splendor in such situations as are provided by the closing scenes in Payne's "Brutus," the Forum scene in "Virginius," the scaffold scene in "Damon and Pythias." He was the manly friend, to whom life and all the possessions of the world are nothing when weighed in the balance against fidelity to love. He was the fond and tender father, whose great strength became a sweet and yielding feebleness in the presence of his gentle daughter. He was the simple, truthful, affectionate, high-minded man, whose soul could exist only in honor. To ideals of this kind he gave perfect expression, and for an essential nobleness and manliness such as stimulate human hearts to a renewed devotion to duty and a fervid allegiance to high ideals of character and conduct, he will be remembered as long as anything is remembered in the history of the stage.

A TRIBUTE TO
JOHN McCULLOUGH.

★
BY WILLIAM WINTER.

★
READ AT A FEAST AT DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1881.

I.

L ONG hushed is the harp that his glory had spoken, *
Long stilled is the heart that could summon its
strain;
Now its chords are all silent, or tuneless, or broken,
What touch can awaken its music again !

2.

Ah, the breeze in the green dells of Erin is blowing !
If not her great bard yet her spirit can flame,
When proud where the waters of Shannon are flowing
Her groves and her temples re-echo his name.

* The allusion is to the great poet of McCullough's native land,
Thomas Moore.

3.

Float softly o'er shamrocks, and bluebells, and roses,
Blend all their gay tints and their odors in one;
And sweet as the zephyr in twilight that closes
Be the kiss of thy love on the brows of thy son!

4.

Breathe tenderly o'er us, who cluster around him,
In this, his glad moment of triumph and pride:
Deep, deep in our souls are the ties that have bound
him,
And life will be lone with his presence denied.

5.

From the arms of the mother, in childhood a rover,
To exile he came, on the wanderer's shore:
To the arms of the mother, his trials all over,
And honored and laurelled, we yield him once more.

6.

Speak low of affection that longs to embrace him,
Speak loud of the fame that awaits him afar —
When homage shall hail him, and beauty shall grace
him,
And pomp hang her wreaths on the conqueror's car!

7.

When the shadows of time at his touch fall asunder,
And heroes and demi-gods leap into light;
When the accents of Brutus ring wild in the thunder,
And the white locks of Lear tosslike sea-foam in night;

8.

When the grief of the Moor, like a tempest that dashes
On crags in mid-ocean, has died into rest ;
When the heart of Virginius breaks, o'er the ashes
Of her who was sweetest, and purest, and best ;

9.

How proudly, how gladly their praise will caress him !
How brightly the jewels will blaze in his crown !
How the white hands of honor will greet him and bless
him
With lilies and roses of perfect renown !

10.

Ah, grand is the flight of the eagle of morning,
While the dark world beneath him drifts into the deep ;
But cold as the snow-wreaths the mountains adorning
Is the light that illumines his desolate sweep.

11.

When the trumpets are blown and the standards are
streaming,
And the festal lamps beam on the royal array,
How oft will the heart of the monarch be dreaming
Of the home and the friends that are far, far away !

12.

There's a pulse in his breast that would always regret us —
It dances in laughter, it trembles in tears ;
With the world at his feet he would never forget us,
And our hearts would be true, through an æon of
years !

13.

The cymbals may clash and the gay pennons glisten,
And the clangor of gladness ring jocund and free,
But, calm in the tumult, his spirit will listen
For our whisper of love floating over the sea :

14.

For the music of tones that were once so endearing
(Like a wind of the west o'er a prairie of flowers),
But that never again will resound in his hearing,
Except through the tremulous sadness of ours.

15.

Ah, manly and tender, thy deeds are thy praises !
Speed on in thy grandeur, all peerless and lone,
And greet, in old England, her hawthorns and daisies,—
A spirit as gentle and bright as their own !

16.

Speed on, wheresoever God's angel may guide thee !
No fancy can dream and no language can tell
What faith and what blessings walk ever beside thee,
Or the depth of our love as we bid thee Farewell.

ORATION.

★
BY HENRY EDWARDS.

★

DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN MCCULLOUGH,
AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
NOVEMBER 12, 1885.

IT has been well and wisely said by one of the greatest of mankind, that

Death hath no tortures for a mind resolved,
It is as natural as to be born.

But though the messages of the conqueror reach us day by day; though the touch of his hand falls hour by hour upon some familiar form; though the symbols of his presence are ever before our gaze,—it is only when we stand, as we do to-day, beside the inanimate body of one we loved, and wander in thought over the past years, strewn with gentle recollections of the one who has gone before, that we can realize the power of the destroyer, or appreciate the unerring

certainly of that stroke which must eventually be dealt to all by the "reaper, whose name is Death." We come together to-day to look our last upon the features of a cherished friend, of a friend who had no enemy in his life, and who goes to his last sleep blessed by the prayers and the tears of thousands. We come to offer our homage to his genius, to pay our earnest tribute of respect to the worth and grandeur of his character. We come to testify to the love we bore him, to recall the memories of his many kindnesses, and to bear him with tender hands and loving hearts, hearts bowed down by the weight of an affectionate sorrow, to his final worldly home. It has been thought well that a few words might be said on this occasion by one associated professionally with him, and though there are many better fitted than myself to perform this task, there are few who have had wider opportunities of knowing the intricacies of his nature, and of observing the growth of his mind; and surely none who more valued and admired him for his unflinching heroism, for the unstinted devotion which he displayed toward his chosen calling, or for the unbounded and unselfish generosity which marked his life.

Twenty years have nearly passed since, upon the far-off shores of the Pacific, I first met John McCullough. He was then just concluding, in San Francisco, an engagement with his great preceptor and friend Edwin Forrest—an engagement doomed to be the last they should ever play together. He had already made for himself a name, being regarded as one of the young

tragedians who had before him a bright and glowing future, and the kind-hearted people among whom his lot was then cast, holding their arms open to the aspiring artist, took him to their hearts as their protégé and friend, and induced him to make their city his home. For nearly nine years he lived amongst them, and though it is not my purpose to allude at length to his career, as that has been already sketched in the fullest manner by the journals throughout the length and breadth of the land, I feel myself compelled to touch briefly upon his management of the California Theater, where, in conjunction with Lawrence Barrett, he inaugurated an era of theatrical representations second to none which have been given in his time, and raised the drama on the Pacific coast to a condition which it had never before known, and which may fitly be called its "Golden Age." If the names of the company which he selected be written now, there will be found among them those of most of the eminent actors and actresses of to-day, who, graduating from that admirable school, have since fought their way to the highest places of their profession. It was toward the more legitimate drama that our friend's tastes and inclinations always directed him, and the productions of "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," and others, were such as have rarely been equaled upon the English-speaking stage. He was the means, also, of drawing toward a then little known region the more prominent actors of the country, and displayed throughout his management an enterprise and liberality as honorable as they

are rare. There is not an artist to-day who played in the California Theater when it was under McCullough's direction but will bear ample testimony to the almost lavish generosity which characterized his mounting of their plays, to the care with which all matters of business outside of the theater walls were watched and tended, to the great excellence of the supporting company, and, more than all, to the atmosphere of thoughtful kindness which pervaded the place and made every one who came within its influence experience the calm comforts of a home.

I know well that it is somewhat the fashion to decry actors as men of business, and in this regard our poor friend has not escaped; but the amount of thought and skill required to work to perfection the machinery of a theater needs to be great indeed, and to find a man competent in every department is almost impossible; but in all that pertains to the absolute knowledge of the stage and its own particular requirements John McCullough was thoroughly at home, and had he not been a great actor he would by the force of his love for his profession have made an admirable manager. It is true that he disliked the position, but that by no means interfered with his capacity for filling it; and perhaps few men ever lived who possessed in so great a degree the rare and valuable quality of smoothing down differences, and of making the rough paths of labor bright and pleasant for those who had to tread them. By his own personal magnetism he drew not only the warmest interest but the affection of his peo-

ple toward him, and they felt that the success of their leader was as dear to them as their own. A harsh word, even among the many tempers and dispositions with which he had to contend, seldom escaped his lips, and if it were ever uttered it was regretted as soon as said. No one ever approached him in a good cause without finding an attentive and sympathetic listener, and the instances are not few in which his own interest was freely sacrificed for the benefit of others. Truly may it be said of him that he had ever

A tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

To every worthy purpose his professional services and his theater were freely given, and the amounts yearly bestowed in aiding misfortune and succoring distress were such as to reduce sometimes to a very small sum the profits of the season. But he seemed to hold his position in trust for the good of his fellows, and to experience to the very full that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Another remarkable feature of his nature was his uniform evenness of temper. Whether shadowed by misfortune, tortured by sickness, or hampered by the cares of a busy life, he had always the same gentle smile, the same friendly grasp, the same warm and welcoming words. No change of condition ever affected his character, and whether as the struggling man looking longingly, yet half despairingly, toward

the goal which he hoped one day to win, or the distinguished actor, worshiped by admiring crowds, the end of his ambition attained, and the rewards which attend successful endeavor strewn before his steps, he was still the same genial friend, the same warm-hearted companion, the same kind and friendly associate as of old. Who is there amongst us that has had the privilege of his friendship that has not known this of him? Who is there that will not bear witness to some single-hearted, unselfish, generous deed, some kindly thought that cannot be forgotten? Throughout our long companionship I can recall no mean or paltry act, no shrinking from the duties of his life, no neglect or forgetfulness of the friend who ever served or aided him; and on the other hand I *do* remember hundreds of good deeds done by stealth, hundreds of noble actions performed in silence, and made the purer and the brighter because of the secrecy by which they were surrounded. And, as it was remarked on a somewhat similar occasion to this by one of the greatest orators of America, "If every one to whom he did a loving service were to carry a blossom to his grave he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers."

Who does not recollect, too, the singular influence of his sunny nature, the laugh that sparkled in his eye, the fun that bubbled upon his lip, the merry tales that sometimes "kept the table on a roar," or the joyous humor with which he touched the eccentricities of his comrades, or told characteristic anecdotes of those by whom he had been surrounded? No one more than

himself could appreciate the disadvantages of his early life, and the honest industry by which he rose out of the position in which fortune had placed him and struggled to obtain the knowledge fitting him for that to which he aspired is as worthy of admiration as of praise. The fund of information which he had gathered was wonderful in its range of subjects, and upon all matters connected with his profession he spoke with power and authority. Always a good listener, he knew well when the right word should be said, and when spoken, it was with clearness, force, and dignity. He marked out a path for himself, and, heedless of obstacles, he trod it to the end. He swept aside the obstructions before him, and by the force of sheer determination and energy he marched like a conqueror to his throne. But he knew no petty jealousies, and the leaves from his laurel crown were freely distributed among his younger and less eminent brethren, whom he was ever ready to aid by his advice and experience, with whose struggles he sympathized, because they resembled those of his own early days. And beyond this, so open-hearted and so singularly generous was his character that he excited no jealousy in others, but every step on his upward path was regarded with honest pride and rejoicing by his comrades, who joyed in all that elevated him, and who loving him with more than brothers' affection regarded his triumphs as their own. No man ever collected around him a greater host of friends than he did, and no man will linger longer in the sweetest memories of their

souls than John McCullough. The great concourse assembled here to-day is a distinct evidence of the estimation in which he was publicly held, and I speak with certainty when I say that could he have chosen the place in which he would prefer to "look his last of earth and sky," it would have been this very city of Philadelphia, a city which he always loved so well, and in which he first began to mount the ladder of his fame. It seems to have been in the very fitness of things that after his years of toil and struggle, when struck down in the strength of his manhood by the disease which mastered him, he should be permitted

Here to return, and die at home at last.

And I may be allowed here to remark that his brilliant friend and teacher, Edwin Forrest, and his beloved companion, Edwin Adams, also died in this city, and yielded up their breath on the same day of the week as that which witnessed the departure of our friend. But, alas! that such a man should so soon in the pride of his career become *but* a memory, and that he should have been called so early away, not only from the stage which he adorned and elevated, but from the wider stage of a life which had so much of promise and so rich a harvest of fame and fortune yet to be reaped and gathered. "To our dim vision all seems hard and strange," — the mysteries of this life of ours are beyond our ken; but as we sometimes stand upon the seashore, and look with longing eyes upon the seem-

ingly limitless waste, wondering at the nature of the countries that lie beyond, so may we stand in the presence of death, and, crossing by our inner self the great dividing line between life and immortality, gaze with speculative sight across the mysterious river, and behold the forms of those who are "not lost but gone before."

And in such moments of peaceful contemplation can we not see our friend again before us, smiling on us with a holy smile, and bidding us be comforted, giving us the assurance that he is still near us, shedding a peaceful influence about our life, and telling us that "souls once united in the bonds of love can never be dissevered, and the universe still held together by the same great power must perish before this divine ordinance can be broken."

He has left an example to imitate and follow—an example of earnest energy and perseverance; an example of a noble, generous, and manly character; an example of patience under difficulties rarely met with in life, and an example of as honest and tender a soul as ever blessed our earthly pilgrimage, and made us thankful that such as he can come within the orbit of our lives. Farewell, then, gentle friend, faithful comrade, loving brother, fare you well! We part from you with sadness in our souls; but as through our tear-filled eyes we look our last on your familiar features, we bless the Father that He has shortened your sufferings on earth, and we pray your happiness in your eternal home, whither the youngest and bravest of us

soon shall follow you! The flowers which adorn your coffin are emblems of the purity of that affection which will accompany you to your grave, which, unlike them, can never fade, but in the long years to come will "keep your memory green." And though we would have kept you with us for a longer space, we murmur not at a higher and wiser decree than any we can utter, and with our souls swelling with love and tenderness for you, old friend, we will endeavor to comfort your sorrowing one with the trusting thought that "It is well."

The pall-bearers at McCullough's funeral were: William J. Florence, John B. Carson, W. H. Thomson, William M. Conner, William F. Johnson, Joseph Jefferson, M. W. Canning, William Winter, Henry Edwards, J. W. Collier, and John A. Cockerill.





Monument to the memory of the fallen soldiers of the 1st Infantry Regiment, 1864.

THE McCULLOUGH MONUMENT.

★

RECORD OF EXERCISES AT ITS DEDICATION,
NOVEMBER 27, 1888.

★

A SHORT time after the death of John McCullough it was suggested by his friend William M. Conner that a monument should be erected at his grave: such a monument as might perpetuate his honored name, transmitting it to future times and indicating to future generations the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. The project was first mentioned by Mr. Conner in conversation with W. J. Florence, the comedian,—another of McCullough's comrades,—and it was then communicated to Mr. John Mackay, Mr. John B. Carson, Mr. W. H. Thomson, Mr. Steele Mackaye, Mr. William Winter, and other old friends of the actor, by all of whom it was eagerly approved and supported. No formal appeal was made to the public. Mr. Conner only authorized an intimation, to persons whom it was thought would feel

an interest in the subject, that a plan had been formed for accomplishing this commemorative tribute. The idea met with cordial sympathy, and the practical response of men who had stood near to the great actor in life, and who "knew him but to love him," was immediate and substantial. Mr. Conner,—by whom the essential labor for the accomplishment of this project was from first to last performed with devoted zeal and wise and kindly energy,—was soon enabled to organize a committee and to insure the choice of sculptor and design. The election fell on Mr. William Clark Noble, of Newport, R. I., and Mr. John Lackme, of Philadelphia,—the former a young statuary of marked ability and of poetic enthusiasm for his subject, the latter an architect of skill, experience, and recognized worth. Their designs were approved; their work went forward with all suitable celerity, and late in the summer of 1888 the granite monument, with a massive and splendid bronze bust of John McCullough, was placed at the actor's grave, in Mount Moriah Cemetery, near Philadelphia. The formal dedication of it occurred on November 27, 1888.

The McCullough monument stands at the head of the grave, over which the bust of the actor, in his favorite character of *Virginius*, seems an image of perfect and noble repose, as calm and majestic as the day that it greets at its coming. The main fabric of the monument, imposed upon a commodious pedestal, is a huge block of polished granite. On this are reared four pillars, which support a stone canopy surmounted

by an urn. Beneath the canopy stands the bust, which is of colossal size. The pillars are sculptured with vines of ivy. The top of the urn is thirty-six feet from the ground. On the east side of the main shaft appear the sculptured masks of Tragedy and Comedy, together with ideal faces of Roman actors. On the north side are cut the expressive lines from "Julius Cæsar,"

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."

On the south side may be read these lines, taken from a poem by John G. Whittier, tributary to his Quaker friend Joseph Sturge :

Tender as woman, manliness, and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

On the west side the inscription makes this record :

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE
EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, JOHN MCCULLOUGH,

BY HIS FRIENDS :

JOHN W. MACKAY, WILLIAM J. FLORENCE,
MARY ANDERSON,
WILLIAM M. CONNER, W. H. THOMSON,
JOHN B. CARSON, W. F. JOHNSON,
AND OTHERS.

The scene at McCullough's grave when his monument was dedicated lacked no element of impressive simplicity. The day was somber and chill. A sad, gray sky brooded, as if in sorrow, over the still and melancholy landscape — of withered lawn and leafless trees, with, all around, the cold memorials of the dead. It was one of those pensive, soundless days when Nature seems to sympathize with the grief, the perplexities, the wistful anxiety of man. There was a numerous company in the burial-ground — not only residents of Philadelphia but friends from cities as remote as Boston and Chicago. A special train from New York had brought many of McCullough's old comrades and many interested spectators. Among these pilgrims of friendship were Rudolph Aronson, J. H. Barnes, C. W. Brooke, Colonel W. Brown, Judge Brégy, A. J. Bates, J. W. Collier, W. M. Conner, Mrs. Conner, Miss Mignon Conner, G. F. Coes, J. Cunningham, John Courtney, George Davis, J. J. Dougherty, Henry Enoch, F. H. Gould, E. G. Gilmore, Laurence Hutton, Mrs. Rees Haskett, Rev. Robert Hunter, Dr. W. F. Hartley, David Hayman, Frederick Helm, Matthew Jackson, W. F. Johnson, J. F. Kelly, John A. Lane, J. H. Lane, E. A. McFarland, James H. Meade, Frank Moran, Steele Mackaye, Mr. and Mrs. James McCullough, Miss Letitia McCullough, W. H. Maxwell, M. J. O'Brien, William Ottman, Miss Clara Poole, J. B. Roberts, Locke Richardson, W. S. Rising, Richard Stockton, Miss Jenny Saunderson, Henry Scheetz, Luke Schoolcraft, S. S.

Sandford, Eugene Tompkins, Alexander Taylor, Jr., S. J. Todd, Barry Wall, B. Warburton, William Winter, Joseph Wood, and Mrs. Jane Wirt. A delegation was in attendance from the Philadelphia Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. The orator of the day, Steele Mackaye, and the poet, William Winter, came over from New York. A temporary stage had been erected at the south-west corner of the burial lot of McCullough and his family, and upon this the officers and speakers of the occasion took their places. Many ladies, including Mrs. Jane Wirt, of Dunmore, Pa., the only surviving sister of the actor, Miss Letitia McCullough, his granddaughter, Mrs. Conner, and Mrs. Haskett, occupied seats at the foot of the monument. Solemn music, by way of prelude, and also at intervals during the exercises, was performed by Simon Hassler's band, and at 2 o'clock P. M. Mr. W. F. Johnson, as presiding officer, and as the life-long friend of John McCullough, made the ceremonial speech, and unveiled the bust of the loved and lamented actor.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

★
BY WILLIAM F. JOHNSON.
★

MY FRIENDS: There is an hour when we are called upon to mourn the loss of one dear to us; there is an hour when grief is soothed and we feel that our tears were not in vain. The consolation that Nature brings is the compensation for our sorrow. We are not here to-day to mourn,—for mourning cannot give us back our friend,—but rather for exultation that his memory lives with us, green with the remembrance of his great charity, his sweetness of temperament, and his glorious geniality. Heroes have had their last resting-places marked with imperishable marble, in admiration of their power to slaughter men and wreak misery upon their fellow-creatures; poets for the sweetness of their songs; rulers for their excellence in statecraft; but few are honored, as our dead friend is to-day, for personal worth, unostentatious charities, and a beneficent life.

Every American citizen can unite in this loving remembrance. The life of our friend was the embodiment of the possibilities of our civilization. A poor, lone, penniless, and uneducated emigrant, from the green isle that has given so much to the world, he arose, by his genius and the capabilities of our institutions, to be a man of culture and intellectual force, the associate of judges and senators and the advanced in culture of our land ; and when he passed away he left a void, as the last and not the least of a long line of delineators of the romantic and heroic characters of poetry.

The story of his life has been told, but the loving devotion of his friends can never be written.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, " This was a man. "

So has it been carved upon this structure, that those who are to come may know the esteem in which he was held in life. He had his superficial faults. To be more than human is not to be of humanity. But in gentleness, sweetness of temper, self-abnegation, and broad and open-hearted charity we may never know his equal.

As a friend of his early life and of his mature years — a friendship that was never broken by time nor dimmed by absence — I have been asked to withdraw the curtain that will reveal his effigy, placed here in enduring bronze.

It is with affectionate remembrance of my friend that I do this, and a trust that it will in future years be considered not only the memorial of a great man, but a lesson that the remembrance of good deeds, charity, and affection endures forever.

★

It had been expected and purposed that Mr. Conner should address the assembly at the grave of his friend, but he was suffering with severe illness and unable to speak. He acknowledged, however, with evident emotion, an enthusiastic tribute of applause from the spectators of this memorable ceremonial, and in this manner he introduced the orator of the day.

ORATION.

★
BY STEELE MACKAYE.
★

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I regard this as a moment to be greeted by us without other tears than those born of the deep content of gratified love. While there is a profound solemnity about this occasion, it nevertheless should have, for those here present, no savor of sorrow or of pain. On the contrary, in the whole history of the profession which this noble sleeper served, there has never occurred an episode freighted with greater encouragement to his co-workers than this which we enjoy here to-day, for it demonstrates the lasting hold that true manhood can obtain, through loyal service on the stage, upon the affectionate remembrance of our race.

For the first time a monument has been raised, not as a private ceremonial but as a public commemoration, over the grave of an American actor. This monument apart from the charm diffused by its intrinsic beauty, performs three functions, invaluable to those interested in honest art and right living: *First*, As a tribute to

an actor it asserts the worth and dignity of histrionic endeavor. *Secondly*, It emphasizes the sterling quality of the man who rests beneath it. *Thirdly*, It celebrates the glorious and permanent force of human friendship. Never before in this country has a votary of the theater received such a testimonial—declaring the love that outlives death—as this statue just unveiled and this assemblage from widely separated cities, of hearts that are strong in memory because they were always firm in affection.

If we inquire into the causes of this unique occasion we shall discern much to encourage our faith in that human nature which cynics are so prone to despise. When the band of faithful souls assembled here have “passed through Nature to eternity,”—into that freer and deeper communion of spirit which awaits us beyond the silence of the grave,—our children and children’s children will pause to gaze upon the massive manliness of this heroic head, and to ask why he only of the illustrious dead of his great art was selected to survive, in bronze, the crumbling memories of the fellows of his craft. Was it because he was greater or more skillful in his art than those who passed before him to the tomb? No! Few would care to press such a claim for the man whose spirit gave life to the ashes in this grave. Why, then, has he been singled out for this distinction?

Because he played his part with such simplicity in life, and such unpretentious patience in art, that death, with all its dread omnipotence, could not destroy the remembrance of his winsome and achieving

will. His story accentuates the beneficent possibilities of the land of freedom, in which he proved that his rank was due to naught but nature, endeavor, and personal achievement. His origin was as lowly as the effort of his life was lofty. Without the advantages of education, wealth, and social position he won them all through countless and trying vicissitudes; won them simply by the iron force of dauntless determination and the unflagging energy of an aspiring mind. Through his unflinching firmness in the fight of life, however, he bore within his breast an inexhaustible spring of "the milk of human kindness." He possessed that dignity and graciousness of manner which denotes a nature of the noblest rank. He won all hearts, and the secret of his sway, among all classes, was his unchanging truth and incorruptible integrity. He was unfalteringly true—true to his friend, fair to his foe, and faithful to the highest aims of his art. From such a record no wonder such an expression of respect as this should spring!

And yet I have seen the oblique eye of envy cast upon this grave; have heard McCullough's title to this triumph questioned in the contemning tone that tells the jealous heart. If any in the future should echo the cavil of these petty minds, let them be reminded how single and distinct John McCullough's stand was toward his associates of the stage. While most of those his day saw crowned with laurels—actors who, without the glorifying glamor of the stage, would have lived unnoticed and been buried in forgotten graves—while, I say, the favored few of his profession held

themselves haughtily aloof from social contact with the comrades whose coöperation enabled them to win their way, the unsullied manliness of this true gentleman moved through the world untainted by envy, hauteur, or self-conceit. He bore himself equally with deference and courtesy toward the poor and unrecognized and with simple dignity toward the high-placed and mighty of the world. He met all the brothers of his guild, however humble the rôle that fate assigned, with a heart sincere in sympathy, a head quick and willing to advise, a hand strong and ready to assist. This is the final reason for the erection of this monument : because the stainless integrity and sensitive tenderness of an unaffected man was blended with the undying devotion of an unpretentious artist in the noble personality of John McCullough.

Friends, this moment is as weighty with worth as it is rare in occurrence. We are not likely to know another such as this in our generation. It becomes us, therefore, to consider to whom our profession is most indebted for this precious experience. The man who in life was the guide, the trusted confidant, the steadfast friend, of John McCullough,—the friend who did most of the practical work in assisting him to attain success,—was equally energetic, faithful, and efficient in service to this artist after he was dead. Though the grave had hidden his hero from sight he still bore him in mind. Friendship did not falter, devotion did not relax ; but with patient and tireless toil this loving comrade refused to rest until the great actor whom he

had served when living had attained to even greater singleness of honor in death than he had ever enjoyed in life. That man to whom the Dramatic Profession is in everlasting debt for the work completed here to-day is the twin, in sterling manliness, of the beloved spirit that once animated the dust beneath this bronze. All honor then to him. If dear John McCullough is looking on and listening to the words I speak his soul echoes mine when I say that intertwined with the immortality of his own name is that of his loyal friend William M. Conner.

On April 4, 1881, at a feast given in honor of McCullough, a poet (William Winter), whose friendship he prized beyond expression, paid him the tribute of a poem. The opening verse voices with strange truth the sentiment of this hour here; and therefore I close by taking this flower from that gay garland to lay now upon this bier:

Long hushed is the harp that his glory had spoken,
Long stilled is the heart that could summon its strain;
Now its cords are all silent, or tuneless, or broken,
What touch can awaken its music again!

At the close of Mr. Mackaye's oration a dirge was played by Hassler's Band, and then William Winter came forward and delivered the following elegy. The poet was one of John McCullough's most intimate friends for many years, and his poem took naturally the form of a friend's apostrophe to the silent image of a departed comrade.

ELEGY.

★
BY WILLIAM WINTER.
★

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO JOHN
McCULLOUGH, IN MOUNT MORIAH CEMETERY,
PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

I.

HOW different now, old friend, the meeting !
Thy form, thy face, thy look the same —
But where is now the kindly greeting,
The voice of cheer, the heart of flame ?
There, in thy grandeur, calm and splendid,—
God's peace on that imperial brow,—
Thou standest, grief and trouble ended,
And we are nothing to thee now.

II.

Yet once again the air is cloven
With joyous tumult of acclaim ;
Once more the golden wreaths are woven,
Of love and honor, for thy name ;

And round thee here, with tender longing,
As oft they did in days of old,
The comrades of thy soul come thronging,
Who never knew thee stern or cold.

III.

Why waits, in frozen silence sleeping,
The smile that made our hearts rejoice ?
Why, dead to laughing and to weeping,
Is hushed the music of thy voice ?
By what strange mood of reverie haunted
Art thou, the gentle, grown austere ?
And do we live in dreams enchanted,
To know thee gone, yet think thee here ?

IV.

Ah, fond pretense ! ah, sweet beguiling !
Too well I know thy course is run.
There 's no more grief and no more smiling
For thee henceforth beneath the sun.
In manhood's noon thy summons found thee,
In glory's blaze, on fortune's height,
Trailed the black robe of doom around thee
And veiled thy radiant face in night.

V.

This but the shadow of a vision
Our mourning souls alone can see,
That pierce through death to realms elysian,
More hallowed now because of thee.

Yet, oh, what heart, with recollection
Of thy colossal trance of pain,
Were now so selfish in affection
To wish thee back from heaven again !

VI.

There must be, in those boundless spaces
Where thy great spirit wanders free,
Abodes of bliss, enchanted places,
That only Love's white angels see !
And sure, if heavenly kindness showered
On every sufferer 'neath the sun
Shows any human spirit dowered
With love angelic, thou wert one !

VII.

There 's no grand impulse, no revealing
In all the glorious world of art,
There 's no sweet thought or noble feeling
That throbbed not in thy manly heart !
There 's no strong flight of aspiration,
No reverent dream of realms divine,
No pulse, no thrill, no proud elation
Of god-like power that was not thine !

VIII.

So stand forever, joyless, painless,
Supreme alike o'er smiles and tears,
Thou true man's image, strong and stainless,
Unchanged through all the changing years —

While Fame's blue crystal o'er thee bending
With honor's gems shall blaze and burn,
And rose and lily, round thee blending,
Adorn and bless thy hallowed urn.

IX.

While summer days are long and lonely,
While autumn sunshine seems to weep,
While midnight hours are bleak, and only
The stars and clouds their vigils keep,
All gentle things that live shall moan thee,
All fond regrets forever wake ;
For earth is happier having known thee,
And heaven is sweeter for thy sake.

The Manhattan Quartette of the Actors Order of Friendship, consisting of Mr. J. F. Davis, Mr. Joseph Wood, Mr. W. H. Maxwell, and Mr. J. J. Dougherty, closed the services, with several efforts of a tender and pleasing vocalism, aptly expressive of sorrow for the loss of a beloved comrade and sympathy alike with the loneliness that deplores his absence and the love that honors his memory.

On the day of these exercises the following record of the event was made in one of the New York journals, by the actor's friend, Colonel John A. Cockerill, whose graceful and tender words may fitly close this memorial: "To-day in a cemetery near Philadelphia a monument will be formally dedicated to the memory

of John McCullough, the actor. The event recalls the pathetic story of the poor boy who landed upon these shores a stranger; who lifted himself by earnest application, sacrifice, and study to the very head of the dramatic profession, and who, 'cheated by fortune of fair hours,' fell in the very prime of his manhood and the fruition of his life-work. Honors such as came to few men were his. He was of gentle spirit, his ambitions were lofty, his heart was ever filled with high resolves, and he loved humanity. There was no envy in his soul. He loved his friends, and no man ever lived who attached people to him as did John McCullough. Three years have passed since he was blotted from existence,—a long time in this harsh world to cherish a good man's memory,—and yet the tears which will bedew the eyes of those who meet to-day to pay him tribute will be as fresh as those which were shed beside his bier. To have lived to write such tender tracings upon the hearts of men was to have lived well."



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